

To the W O R S H I P F U L
William Davis, Esq; Mayor,
The Aldermen, Bailiffs, Burgeffes,
And the Rest of the Worthy INHABITANTS of the
T O W N of N O R T H A M P T O N,
This Yearly B I L L of M O R T A L I T Y
Is presented by their most Obedient and Humble Servant,

ALEXANDER PHILIPPS.

The Bill of Mortality within the Parish of *All-Saints* in the Town of *Northampton*, from the 21st Day of *Dec.* 1763, to the 21st Day of *Dec.* 1764; inclusive of the Persons (in Number 6) buried from the *County Infirmary*. And also those buried at the *Quakers Burying-Ground* 1. The Meeting in *College-Lane* 3. The Meeting on the *Green* 0.

<i>Diseases.</i>	A	BORTIVE and	Cancer	4	Dropfy	3	Measles	2	Small-Pox	6
		Stilborn	Cholic	1	Fevers	8	Mortification	2	Teeth	0
		Aged	Consumption	13	Jaundice	1	Palsy	0	Thrush	1
		Apoplexy and Suddenly	Convulsion	14					Drowned	3
		<i>Whereof have died,</i>	Ten and Twenty	5	Forty and Fifty	6	Seventy and Eighty	11		
		Under Two Years old	Twenty and Thirty	2	Fifty and Sixty	8	Eighty and Ninety	3		
		Between Two and Five	Thirty and Forty	8	Sixty and Seventy	2	Ninety and a Hundred	0		
		Five and Ten								

CHRISTENED.				BURIED.		
	Males	Females	Total.	Males	Females	Total.
ALL-SAINTS.	42	46	88	43	31	74
St. SEPULCHRE'S.	13	17	30	12	12	24
St. GILES'S.	17	10	27	7	9	16
St. PETER'S.	1	0	1	1	2	3
At the Meeting in St. Peter's Parish				6	5	11
In the whole Town.	73	73	146	69	59	128
	Increased - -		12	Decreased - -		87

N. B. None have been buried of the SMALL-POX, in the Parish of All-Saints, since the 7th of February last.

M O R S omnibus communis est.

PRINCES and Potentates in Dust are laid,
Who grand Affairs, and mighty Nations sway'd;
And he, of Old, who levell'd the vast Main,
And brought his Army o'er the Purple Plain
Taught fawning Waves beneath his Feet to creep,
Insulting o'er the Murmurs of the Deep,
Now, conquer'd, fills vast Musters of the Dead,
Those Thunder-Bolts of War, proud Carthage's Seed,
The SCIPIO's, gave their Bones up to the Graves,
Their Obsequies no better than their Slaves:
And those who Arts and Sciences first found,
And who Parnassus' forked Turrets crown'd,
'Mong'ft whom once HOMER did the Scepter sway;
All these in quiet Slumbers lie in Clay.

DEATH only shews us the true Size of Men,
Who, when alive, look big, and swell; but when
That Puff of Breath's withdrawn, content with Room,
Shrink from an Empire to a narrow Tomb.

DEATH cannot chuse but be to him a Snare,
Who made it, in his Life, his chiefest Care
To be a publick Pageant; known to all,
But unacquainted with himself, doth fall.

Keep DEATH and JUDGMENT always in your Eye;
None's fit to Live, but who is fit to Die;
Make use of present Time, because you must
Take up your Lodging shortly in the Dust.
'Tis dreadful to behold the Setting Sun,
And Night approaching, 'ere your Work is done.

You, whose fond Wishes do to Heav'n aspire,
Who make those blest Abodes your sole Desire;
If you are wise, and hope that Bliss to gain,
Use well your Time, live not an Hour in vain:
Let not the Morrow your vain Thoughts employ,
But think this Day the last you may enjoy.